THE SATURDAY

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S W CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESTNUT STREETS.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to

PHILADELPHIA

VOLUME XXII.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Charity.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

How sweetly beautiful the morning
Along the sunkissed line of life,
Regardless of all sorrow, sin and pauper,
That smother in the cold world's strife.
The gathering rays that stress the sky,
Have no distinction in their beam,
How dim they seem beside the pearl
That on her bosom lies.

She hears no sound amid the fray,
She wakes no tumult, no remorse,
Whether the day with earth rewards her
Who bears a heavenly crown?
She seeks not, hands out one's repentance,
She knows 'tis but a passing cloud
And for evil, good, and tosing
Fall harmless on her mood.

Careless of those she passes on,
With stern dignity and unbending age
With heart that feels for every sorrow,
And pities every pain.

Yet here to raise the prostrate form,
To smooth the wasted cheek with care,
To lay such scenes of Calvary's balm
Upon the bleeding heart!

To turn the blind their way,
And stanch the trouble from the blow
To heal the wounded heart,
And soothe the wanderer's soul.
To rid the breaking form of age,
And cheer its path of pain and gloom,
Pointing the dim eye to the day
That sets not in the tomb.

And see these folded to her breast
The outcast little orphan's form,
She gains of sinking food, and rest,
And shields it from the storm.
Her eyes and hands are all benevolent and still,
Her hands are to her fellows given,
To bind the wretch's wound, to soothe each ill,
And lend the weak arm and heaven.

What though her eyes are sometimes wet,
When mournful scenes pass before her heart,
And bleed drops from her weary feet
That leave no stain upon her way,
Still He whose footsteps she pursues,
Bless'd all her wounded with holy love
And dries her tears with sinless bliss
Of her own Heaven above.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Influence of Beauty.

BY EDWARD J. FISHER.

Oh, hush!—a poet's humbling breath
Hath burning words on weighty of song,
Here placed in rare an ancient part.
To story, a minion, and to song,

A man with form so perfect, nature's song,
In accent, will tone hath deal song
And the sensitive's bloom, a flower
Hath been on petals in decay.

A star hath left the azure dome
Quenched forever as flower it be on high
Whose soft light as or again shall come,
With gladness returning to the sky.

A sage, that pursued an hallowed ware
In golden light, but now a nothingness,
The brightness that in darkness gave
Hath sunk not brought departed, flown.

Thus had the quest softly, wing,
That in the mortal breast chose
So blest a spirit, and silence deep,
Has fallen on the lips of song.

Yet, hail the string that hears mood
The rapture of unquestioned hour,
Means the heart of a poet's blood
And wang the fallen, withered flower.

And answer, the star whose gleams are gone
With radiance and its warm ray,
And such chose the sage's orchestra
Where now it rests in the bier.

Oh, hush! then o'er the lonely grave,
Where spices of high father spheres
Bright as the blessed shall possess—
And gently shed their sparkling tears

Over here a poet's boundless heart,
Among the wonders and its sample of song,
Hath gained its special part.

To sleep in silence! hear, and long,
Philada. 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Scarlet Shawl;
Or, The Two Schoolmates.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

It matters not on what the lingers ply.
The daily task kind Heaven to all has given,
For suffer not those idlers of the race
The hands their pains be found, and the toil
That gives the pleasure and the gain.

Edwin Barry and Seth Manning were school-fellows at Chester Academy. The father of Edwin was a lawyer of good standing, and possessed property; the father of Seth was a house carpenter. Mr. Barry being a lawyer was of course a "respectable" man, and belonged to "genteel" society. Mr. Manning being a carpenter, and of course very much less respectable than Lawyer Barry, and was not admitted into genteel society. The lawyer was a good scholar, although he had no learning; he had of course very much less respectable than Lawyer Barry, of course very much less respectable than Lawyer Barry, and was not admitted into genteel society. The lawyer was a good scholar, although he had no learning; he had no neighbor, money and genteel sympathy with the "assertion of ethics, and, withal, got taper. The carpenter was no "gentleman," although he had learning, was honest in all his dealings, never cheated his neighbor, or robbed, and was a respectable man. He was wide difference between these two, although they went to the same church, sat—but to the same butcher and baker, lived in the same village, and Edwin and Seth, as one, was that Mr. Barry got his living by a pen and law books, and Mr. Manning by the means of sheet and plumbs. It was vague supposition among the young readers, that such a difference should exist from such simple causes, and that the occupations should so far, as the moral and social position of individuals. This distinction, however, we are pained to say, exists in the world; but it is founded upon no principle, and is false in terms of society, we would caution all young persons from being influenced, as they enter life, by the foolish prejudices which follow in its train. For no thing is more untrue than to confine to judge a man by his occupation, or a boy by his father's, nothing so indicative of a weak mind as to condemn a man or boy because his father is rich, or is poor, and would that all young persons would shun the error as they would the errors of a pestilence.

Youth cannot too soon learn that the distinctions which they see assigned by those around [illegible] to their own parents is not a true one, and that, in fact, that to such thing as "respectability," as it is termed, can exist aside from the honest and useful life. They cannot too early be taught that the branch of industry is degrading, that no employment that contributes to the general good of society is unbecoming or disreputable. I would remind such that the fathers of the Revolution prefixed their life and honor to break the chains of servitude that bound their race to a British master, severed the chains and gave liberty to all coming generations of their sons. How false notions of society belong to the haughty social system of our modern world have been cast aside with our chains, and we unworthy our adoption. Having thrown off the yoke of political servitude, let us no longer continue to wear the chains of mental bondage to late customs and law usage. A statesman should have no other consideration than that of merit! In cherishing any other though foolishly and wickedly adopting false ideas of "respectability," though

...ennan, Clayton,
...Mr. Merrick,
...ston, Miller,
...Mr. Whit-
...Mr. Platte, Allen,
Bayard, chairman.
Rec—Mr. Prentiss,
...n, Sturgeon.
...Mr. Bayard,
...gets, chairman, Mi-
...d Mr. Williamson,
...pson and Choate
...Mr. Bayard.
...ecution of sundry
...the rules-Section
...the senate, which
...ndividuals, and
...history of the exec-
...ing the nomi-
...ers have been ap-
...ns, in addition to

The State Department—Charles Ingersoll, Secretary.
H Brockway,

Treasury Department—Mr. Gallatin, Secretary.
Isaac D. Somes,

War Department—Mr. Crawford, Secretary.
Samuel R. Hobbie,

Navy Department—Mr. Southard, Secretary.
Benjamin H. Rand,

Post Office Department—Mr. Christopher Hempstead,
Mr. Chester,

Public Buildings—Mr. Mills,

...ch, Clayton, Tyler, Southard, Ohio, Rives, Preston, Virginia, Wilkinson, Louisiana, Porter, Michigan, Woodbridge, Michigan, Archer, Virginia, Phelps, Vermont, Bayard, Delaware, Buchanan, Pennsylvania, Sevier, Arkansas, Walker, Mississippi, Benton, Missouri, Smith, Indiana, Tallmadge, New York, Wright, New York, Dickerson, New Jersey, Linn, Missouri, Hubbard, New Hampshire, Fulton, Arkansas, Grundy, Tennessee, Robinson, Illinois, Niles, Connecticut, Morris, Ohio, Sturgeon, Pennsylvania, Ewing, Illinois, Henderson, Mississippi, Kent, Maryland, Knight, Rhode Island, Mangum, North Carolina, Nicholas, Louisiana, Moore, Alabama, Brown, North Carolina, Shepley, Maine, Sprague, Maine, Merrick, Maryland, Mouton, Louisiana, Sanford, New York, Williams, Maine, Wall, New Jersey, Woodbury, New Hampshire, Young, North Carolina, Cuthbert, Georgia, Berrien, Georgia, Rives, Virginia, Preston, South Carolina

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Democratic Review.

A Dream.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I had a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood;
And airs just wakened softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds warbled in the sprouting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

Fast climbed the sun—the flowers were flown;
There played no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer—I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
A mighty stream, with creek and bay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sunburnt groups were gathering in,
From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds;
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chiller yet;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste;
The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered, and shivered to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

Ah! age is drear, and death is cold,
I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed and old,
[illegible]

American Monthlies.

From the Knickerbocker, for December, 1841.

The Partisan Wars of Stokeville.

FROM THE STOKEVILLE PAPERS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

It was late in October, a few weeks previous to the elections, when as usual a great excitement broke out in Stokeville on political matters. About this time, Lawyer Brief and Lawyer Blank, Scribble, the young editor of the "Rocket of Freedom," and Managers Carbuncle and Brandy, were assembled in the evening at the office of Mr. Brief for the purpose of "getting up a ticket" to be pressed through the county convention, which was to be holden on the following week.

Lawyer Brief opened the conference. He said it was known among themselves that he was anxious for the nomination of congressman, and Carbuncle was to run for sheriff. "Now," said he, "we must manage this thing *right*. We must take the business into our own hands. To-morrow we have a meeting in this town to appoint delegates to the county convention. Now it is indispensable that the right kind of men are selected for this purpose; men who understand what we want, and who will be likely to play into our hands."

"Oh certainly; by all means," was responded from all sides. "There is no trouble about managing this business," continued Brief. "There is policy to be observed in these matters as well as in all others." He then proceeded, and cautiously unfolded the plan to be pursued when the town-meeting should have assembled, a plan which he assured them in conclusion "could not fail."

"Capital!" responded Blank, Carbuncle, and Brandy; "capital!"

"Certainly; that is the way to manage," resumed Brief; "we thereby get the control of five delegates, to begin with."

"But," interposed Scribble, "how are we to control the other forty-five?"

"Oh, without difficulty," answered Brief carelessly; leave that to me and Blank."

"Now Scribble," said Brief, "you must draw up a set of resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, and carry them with you to the county convention, and we will make you chairman of the committee, and give you a chance to report them; and Blank and myself will prepare an address for the same occasion."

"What!" exclaimed Scribble, with surprise, "draw up resolutions for a meeting before it assembles?"

[illegible]

by a majority of just five votes over the president and vice president of the convention, their opponents. Every body said it was a fair ballot, and of course the matter was settled. The convention then proceeded to ballot for assemblyman and county clerk, and Peck and Best were declared by the tellers to have received a majority of the votes.

Some excitement was produced by the defeated applicants for these offices, when the result was known. Blank, Brandy, Carbuncle and Company insisted that they performed their promises in good faith; and there was no evidence to the contrary, every thing being effected under cover of a ballot; and so the matter passed off. The convention adjourned; a portion of the delegates who had been unsuccessful in the presentation of their favorite men were dissatisfied, and went snarling on their way home; and those who had been successful departed full of spirits and glee.

There was a great flourish in "The Rocket of Freedom" the first week after the convention. The nominations were announced in staring capitals over the head of the paper, and a long editorial eulogy written for each of the candidates. In speaking of Brief, Scribble said that it was "unnecessary to speak of him at all;" and were it not for the information of his political friends abroad, he should let him pass in silence. Where he was known, he was highly respected, and his unflinching devotion to the great cause was his best recommendation to strangers. The nomination had fallen upon him totally unexpected; yet he was not unconscious of the regards of a free people, nor of the high trust which they had seen fit to repose in him. If elected, he would show them that their confidence had not been misplaced. As to Carbuncle, he had always been an active politician; he was a man of sterling business qualifications; and as a servant of the people, *he* would never deceive them, etc. etc.

On the following week "The Thunderer," the opposition print of the village, appeared, arrayed in fire and brimstone, belching forth fury at every pore. The editor said it was as he had expected. "Brief was nominated for congressman and Carbuncle for sheriff. Brief was a man," he added, "who did not possess one single qualification for that high and responsible office. He had violated every trust which ever had been committed to him. He had twice turned his coat; he was an aristocrat; he believed he had been indicted for a misdemeanor in another county, and obliged to flee from the pursuit of justice. He was in favor of levying a direct tax upon the poor to support the rich; and finally, he was a mere demagogue, who would at any time assist in blowing up this whole republic, if he could thereby further his own wicked and corrupt schemes. Carbuncle too was a man who had *no* character. The wonder was that a political party could be found which had the impudence to *nominate* him. His habits were such, (he would [illegible]

other year, any office they might ask for; and Brief, by financiering, secured Farmers Thrifty, Ploughtail, etc. But it is unnecessary to go through with a detailed history of the three days' election. All Stokeville was in commotion from the beginning to the end of the contest, produced by liquor and love of country. Some were singing, some were cursing, and some were fighting; and thus the war raged until four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, when the polls were closed, and arrangements made for canvassing the votes.

After an hour had elapsed, it was announced that Brief was elected congressman, Carbuncle sheriff, and of course all the other candidates to the respective offices to which they had been nominated. The shouting was tremendous. Stokeville rang from centre to circumference. "Three cheers for Brief!" shouted one. "Six cheers for Carbuncle!" shouted another; "Nine cheers for the party!" yelled a third. The whole street was alive with boys halloing to the top of their lungs; and it seemed as though the very houses shook with commotion.

The party which suffered a defeat began to dive and slink away, one by one, until it was impossible to find an opposition man in all Stokeville. Maddened and mortified, they had escaped from the triumphant shouts around them, and hid themselves beyond their reach. When night drew on, the fury increased. Brief, Blank, Carbuncle, Scribble, Brandy, and all the "rank and file," as they were called, got most gloriously drunk; annihilated decanters and wine-glasses; slashed out windows, stove the church-door, and rang the bell at midnight; broke into the houses of their political friends, and carried them, *sans* coat, vest and pantaloons, into the street, amid songs and shouts; beside divers other matters, which shall not be mentioned. The boys fired guns and hurled blue lights and flaming balls through the air; and thus the fury was kept up, increasing in strength as the hours wore on, until the light in the east announced the approach of another day. Thus ended, for the time, the PARTISAN WARS OF STOKEVILLE. Perhaps they have their moral.

From the Knickerbocker, for December.

The Murderer's Death-Bed.

BY R. M. CHARLTON.

'T was a dark and drear autumnal night,
And the wind rushed by with such fearful moan
That the cheek of the timid grew pale with affright,
And many a spectre rose up to the sight.
As the lightning-flash through the darkness shone;
And the rain poured down in a ceaseless flood,
And the thunder was rolling loud and near;
'T was a night and a time for a scene of blood,
With no eye to see and no ear to hear.

In a chamber under an upper shed
Was gathered a small and tearful band,
[illegible]

Resources of Russia.

Mr. Alison, the historian of the French Revolution, details, with great minuteness and great interest, the physical and moral capacities of Russia for extended empire. European Russia—that is, Russia to the westward of the Ural mountains—contains 1,500,000 of square geographical miles, or sixteen times the surface of the British islands, which contain 91,000; and though a vast extent of this territory is covered with forest, or lies so far to the northward as to be almost unproductive of food, these deserts contain vast ranges of pasture, the natural seat of those tribes of horsemen, who, in all the foreign wars of the empire, must form her advanced guard, and in all her invasions must constitute her unrivalled defence. But the rich arable plains in the heart of the empire, are capable of producing an inexhaustible quantity of corn, fruits, and every other vegetable wealth that the earth can offer to the necessity or the luxury of man.

The variety of climate in this vast empire includes almost every temperature, and consequently almost every product of the globe. As Mr. Alison, with his usual grace of language, tells us, in its northern extremities the cold is so intense, and vegetation so stunted, that a birch-tree, full grown and of perfect form, can be carried in the palm of the hand. In its southern latitudes the richest fruits of the vine, the apricot, and the peach, ripen on the sunny slopes of the Crimea; and fields of roses, which perfume the air for miles around, flower in luxuriant beauty on the shores of the Danube. But it is only when approaching the latitude of Moscow that green crops are general; thence to the south, vast extents of pasturage intervene, and in the height of summer, but in spring covered with innumerable flowers. Going deeper still, the traveller reaches the shores of the Black Sea, where among spots, some unwholesome and some savagely sterile, are to be found scenes of exquisite beauty. The southern extremity of the Crimea is painted as a terrestrial paradise. In the description of Pallas, high hills, masses of rock, streams and cataracts, verdant fields and woods, and the sea that bounds the landscape, render the view equal to any thing imagined or described by the poets. The simple life of the people—their cottages cut in the rock, and concealed by the foliage of the surrounding gardens—the shepherd's fruit and his flocks scattered on the hills—remind the traveller of the golden age. But we have other means of ascertaining the comparative powers of so vast a territory. Russia in Europe contains a twenty-eighth part of the terrestrial surface. If this territory were peopled but as Great Britain is, it would contain 311,000,000 of souls. Its present population is about 60,000,000, and it is computed to double in about half a century. Thus, in about a hundred years from the present time, Russia may have 300,000,000. Yet even those immense ex- [illegible]

Farmers Department.

Work for the Month.

IN THE GARDEN.—There, we trust, your providence will not render our presence necessary but for a few minutes, as you have doubtless anticipated us in every thing we may feel disposed to say to you. Surely we have a right to arrive at this conclusion, as this is the spot that the wife and daughters pride themselves so justly upon, and there is no husband and father that will not respond to wishes flowing from sources so well entitled to his respect and consideration. But fearful that the more pressing claims upon your time, connected with the business of the farm, may have occasioned some slight omission of duty in this department, we shall, by way of remembrance, trespass upon your notice a few moments, while we briefly suggest what, in our opinion, ought now to be attended to, if it has not already been done. In so doing, it shall be our purpose rather to point out the things to be done than to prescribe the manner in which they should be executed, as in all fairness, we presume that in the knowledge of horticulture and floriculture, we are but novices when compared with most of those, with whom it is our duty to commune. Encouraged with this pleasing belief, we venture upon our task with less reluctance, as the *consciousness of strength* in those to whom we address ourself, like the virtue ascribed to charity, covers our weakness, and arms us with the hope that if we cannot be useful, our desire to be so will at least be appreciated.

Asparagus Beds.—If you did not do so last month, you should, in the beginning of this, dress your Asparagus beds. Cut the stalks down close to the earth and remove them from the ground. Clean the beds effectually from all grass and weeds. Then spread on the whole, well rotted stable manure about three inches deep; this done, mark out the alleys by a line, then dig the alleys a spade deep and spread mostly over the beds.

Cauliflowers and Cabbage Plants.—Every mild day uncover your frames containing the above plants and give them an airing, taking care to pick off all decayed leaves.

Sowing Cabbage, Lettuce and small Salad seed.—All the varieties of Cabbage, lettuce, and salad, may this month be sown in hot beds, protected by frames and glasses, and a covering of mats. But you must not forget to give the plants air, regularly, every few days, when the weather is fine.

Forcing Asparagus.—If you wish to grace your table in six or eight weeks with this delicious vegetable, by following our advice you may do so. Prepare yourself with a hot bed, protected by lights and matting; into this bed plant your plants as follows: raise at one end of the bed a small ridge of [illegible]

A NEW VOLUME.

January, 1842.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

With more Splendid Embellishments than any other Magazine in the Union.

EDITED BY

GEO. R. GRAHAM, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
C. J. PETERSON, MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY,
EDGAR A. POE.

MISS E. LESLIE, THEODORE S. FAY, GEO. P. MORRIS, } Permanent and regular contributors.

This work devoted to both sexes will open a New Volume with the number for January, 1842, with an array of Contributors of talent and fame, which no periodical in this country can boast or pretend to rival.

The Volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with the first of a

NEW SERIES OF EMBELLISHMENTS UNSURPASSED

by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine.

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The Magazine has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in every thing really beautiful published in the Magazines of last year. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country has been so elegantly embellished, or has so rapidly increased. For the new volume, the most extensive arrangements have been made, with the most distinguished artists in the country for a supply of elegant embellishments of all sorts.

Our Beautiful Mezzotint Engravings.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone*. No other magazine of this kind can have them *without permission from us*.

In addition to these we have secured the burin of another talented mezzotint engraver, H. S. Sadd, Esq. of N. Y. that there may be no disappointment as to number or regularity. These will be equal to any thing published, so that we are able confidently to promise

A MEZZOTINT IN EVERY NUMBER.

These beautiful engravings will therefore form a *feature of Graham's Magazine*, in every number, so that we shall be able to distance any thing like competition on this ground. These plates are the most expensive that can be got up for a magazine of large circulation, in consequence of the great price of printing—*being more than double that of line engravings*—and the necessity of reduplicating the plates: our edition already rendering it necessary that two or three plates of the same subject must be prepared for every number in which they are used. We now print an edition greater than that of any cotemporary for the last year and confidently assert that at the same rate of increase [illegible]

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